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Mr. Thompson's picture, when finished, is to be either engraved or chromo-lithographed.

I wish to make an apology to the readers of the ART JOURNAL for the *Art Matters* of last week. Owing to severe illness I was prevented from correcting the proof myself, and many absurd errors crept into the article; therefore all misspelling of names, ridiculous expressions, ("*space and effort*," for instance, instead of "*space and effect*") and general slaughter of Her Gracious Majesty's English, must be looked upon as faults of the type and not of the writer.

PALETTA.

### MATTERS THEATRIC.

The Fall season at the theatres has fairly begun. The ball is opened, and small, large, and middling sized shot are beginning to fly in all directions. The managers have bestirred themselves to good effect during the Summer holidays, and, having dressed their theatrical viands with consummate skill, present to us a Sybarite repast of dramatic game.

First, as oysters, ("*filling at the price*," but well calculated to sharpen the appetite) comes Edwin Forrest; who made his first appearance at the Broadway Theatre on Monday evening in "*Virginus*." During the week he has also appeared in "*Othello*" and "*Richelieu*." It is too late in the day to say anything new of Mr. Forrest's acting; by his undoubted talent and genius he has earned for himself a prominent position among American actors. That there are faults in his acting no one will deny, but it would be hard to point to a living actor who so successfully embodies the more powerful characters of the tragic drama. His present engagement promises to be one of his most successful; the house is crowded nightly by enthusiastic audiences, and the great tragedian seems to be playing with all his accustomed fire, energy, and power.

As soup, comes Jefferson; who makes his bow as "*Rip Van Winkle*" at the Olympic on Monday evening of next week. It is difficult to decide under what species of soup to class our great comedian—beef is too heavy, tomato too light—turtle, that's it—rich, pungent, genial; warming the cockles of our hearts by its racy piquancy. The management of the Olympic has changed hands; Mr. Grover retiring in favor of Mr. Jas. E. Hayes, well known as a scene painter of great talent. Mr. C. W. Tayleure is the competent acting manager and Mr. G. L. Fox, of Bowery fame, the stage manager. Among the company are Messrs. Davidge, Marlow, Hind, Fox, Misses Bessie Foote, a new importation from London, Bella Wallace, and the clever and talented soubrette, Alice Harrison. Of a verity the soup will be enjoyable.

As fish, we have "*Under the Gaslight*" at the New York Theatre—a very little of which goes a very great way.

As game, we have Wallack's. A sturdy woodcock over which we smack our lips in anticipation of the rich gravy of the old comedies, or the piquant meat of London novelities. The first production will probably be the last London success, "*The Great City*."

As the *plat de resistance* we now have Mrs. Lander and are to have Ristori—grand, statuesque, substantial. Our appetites may have palled after the preceding delicacies; but who can resist the tempting allurements, the savory odor of this, the culmination?

Then, as dessert, we have the new Fifth Avenue Theatre, where farces, vaudevilles, and burlesques will be deftly served up to us by the hands of Mr. Leffingwell, Mrs. Sedley Brown and the entire company. This establishment was opened on Monday evening of this week; the inaugural performance comprising "*Cinderella*" and "*Too Much for Good Nature*," in both of which pieces the company showed to good advantage.

To wash down the repast we will have the sparkling light wine of buffo opera at the French Theatre and the generous warmth of the sherry and madeira of Italian opera at the Academy; to say nothing of the sober porter of sacred concert and the pale ale of gushing concert room debutants.

The gong has sounded! Dinner is served! Public, critics be seated—your hosts have supplied a plentiful feast, eat and be happy.

"And let me the canakin clink, clink;  
And let me the canakin clink;  
A soldier's a man;  
And life's a but a span;  
Why then, let a soldier drink."

And the public eat, laugh, grow fat, and be merry. SHUGGE.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.—We call the attention of our readers to the announcement of Mr. A. W. Hawthorn. He will receive pupils on and after Monday, September 16th, at his residence, No. 2 Union Square, or at their residences. Mr. Hawthorn is a pianist of distinction, his style is pure and elegant, and as a teacher he is entirely conscientious. His system is thorough, and cannot fail to ensure rapid progress not only in the technical, but in the theoretical department. Mr. Hawthorn's piano compositions are also becoming widely known.

We can recommend Mr. Hawthorn very warmly to those who desire thorough instruction.

ARTHUR SKETCHLEY is coming to this country. He sailed, according to the English papers, on the 24th ult, by the Persia. This gentleman will add another star to the English literary constellation that will make America their orbit the coming season. Mr. Sketchley is poet, composer, dramatist and lecturer.

### PUCK RIDING ON A GRASSHOPPER.

It has been suggested by many influential gentlemen that Mr. Kuntze's fanciful and beautiful design of "*Puck riding on a Grasshopper*," should be executed in bronze, and placed in the children's playground in Central Park. We understand that the Park Commissioners have already given their permission.

The idea is a happy one, and will, we are sure, give general satisfaction. The cost of the work in bronze will be \$3,500, which sum it is proposed to raise by subscription. Considering the object, we think there will be no difficulty in raising that amount. Subscriptions can be sent G. P. Putnam & Son, Art Gallery, 661 Broadway.

We acknowledge the receipt of an excellent Photograph of this interesting work of art.

### THE NEW SPECTACLE, "THE DEVIL'S AUCTION," AT BANVARD'S OPERA HOUSE.

The presentation of the above gorgeous piece will introduce to the American public Mdle. Guiseppina Morlacchi as the particular star among the many others engaged by Manager De Pol, during his recent trip to Europe.

Mdle. Morlacchi, of whom we hear so many brilliant accounts, has just concluded a most triumphant season at the Grand Theatre, Vienna, where, on the occasion of her benefit, she was presented with a magnificent crown of gold.

Judging from the critiques which we have seen in the continental papers of France, England, Italy and Prussia, New York is about to witness a proficient in the terpsichorean art that will rival even the peerless Fanny Ellsler.

Our new empresario, M. De Pol, has determined to inaugurate his managerial career in New York with the same *eclat* that has attended all his efforts in the principal European capitals, from whence he comes among us endorsed in the strongest manner by the principal and leading journals of London, Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Turin, Venice and Berlin, all of which cities he has recently ransacked for novelties not only of first class artistes, but for the best and most novel effects in the scenic art, combined with all accessories of modern mechanical contrivances.

Among the numerous engagements made by Manager De Pol, of course always naming first, as the bright particular star, Mdle. Morlacchi, the following artists of merit, any one of whom, from the reputation preceding them, will, we think, successfully compete with any dansesuses now on the American stage. We may mention:

Mdlle. Elisa Blasina, Premiere Danseuse de Milan.

Mdlle. Augusta Sohlki, Premiere Danseuse de Berlin.

Mdlle. Ernestina Diani, Premiere Danseuse de Paris and London.

Mdlle. Elisa Lusso, Premiere Danseuse de Turin.

Mons. Giovano Lusso, Premier Danseur of the Theatres Bordeaux, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, and Florence.

Giving evidence that M. De Pol was not either dilatory or unsuccessful in his efforts to present the New York public with both talent and novelty at his inauguration. These artists will be quickly followed by others of equal ability and reputation, M. De Pol having given his European agents in each capital orders to spare no expense in securing all and every available talent that money can command.

The Theatre, already one of the handsomest interiors in New York, is undergoing complete renovation—new stage (on the French plan, now first introduced in New York,) new entrances and exits, and new decorations, will make it not only one of the most elegant but one of the most comfortable places of amusement in New York. Its central location, accessible by Broadway, Sixth avenue, Fourteenth street cars, and Fifth and Fourth avenue omnibuses, make it as approachable as well as one of the most central theatres in New York, and with all these advantages we hope to see M. De Pol and the Banvard Opera House, at the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth street, one of the permanent institutions of New York.

#### OF INTEREST TO ALL.

Among all the abuses in this abuse-ridden city, there is one that comes home to every man, woman and child in it, appealing to their pockets, their appetites and their sense of justice. We mean the system of middlemen in our markets.

It may not be known to the mass of the people that there is a class called "hucksters"—we believe that is the proper term, no matter what they trade in—who infest our markets, and stand between the producer and the consumer so prominently that not a morsel goes into our mouths that this cormorant does not take from one quarter to one half of it. He has managed to monopolize the public markets, and control their government. He has had laws passed to suit himself, and get the farmer, the drover, or the producer of whatever we eat, directly in his power. The courts are powerless to give redress, and the law-makers laugh at the idea of making new enactments for their guidance or government. The farmer or producer cannot come to the people. The huckster has had a law passed that shuts him out

from the market except upon such stringency that the permission is useless, and the result is that the farmer has to go hat in hand to the huckster and solicit him to buy his produce at about one-half what that worthy will get for it from the public.

Everything we eat goes through this mill, and the toll taken grows larger and larger every day. In some cases the evil does not end here. If there was only the huckster between the producer and the consumer the case might not be so bad, but this huckstering reaches to the very home of the farmer. A forestaller comes to his very door and out-reaches the huckster. Then the farmer saves himself all exertion and expense, and sells his produce at about one-third its value, estimating by what we pay. The forestaller carries it to the huckster and makes his profit. The huckster sells to the small grocer or pedlar and makes his profit, and the small dealer sells to the consumer and makes his. Neither of them would consider he had made a fair trade if he did not make from 50 to 75 per cent., and consequently poor and rich alike pay more than double for every morsel they eat.

Why is it that New York is in the hands of these men? Other cities manage to make laws and enforce them in the protection of their people and the markets, but we are powerless.

#### PRIZE FIGHTING AND THE PRESS.

The wheels and turn abouts of the Herald are wondrously amusing simply upon their impudence. The manner in which that delectable sheet veers around from its assertion or opinion of the previous day, and blows hot with the same mouth it has just before blown an icy blast, is one of the most refreshing things in all journalism. But that Jack in the box of newspapers is surpassed by the *Evening News*, which in its issue of Wednesday last opens its heaviest guns on its pets of the day before, the prize fighters, and calls strenuously on the police to suppress them or die in the attempt. "Every prominent place in the vicinity of New York has now been disgraced by a prize fight," says the disgusted editor. And says he:

"There is not a little shaver, knee-high, who runs the street, that is not now crazy with the fighting fever. Already we see the effects of it in the number of fights that take place between boys. Every corner loafer, who thinks he has sufficient brute force about him to do it, is now sending challenges to his neighbor, offering to fight for \$— a side."

And it is not the fact we are finding fault with, but the fact-finder. There is a pleasant little story told of one Frankenstein, who conjured up an image which he could not conjure down, and could not get rid of. It seems to us that the tale suits. Prize fighting had about died out as far as the public

interest went, until the advent of the *News* and its confreres. That sheet started upon a prize fight basis, and the day that did not give it one of these brutalities was a dark day for them. Without doubt, they have suddenly awakened to the fact that the public, even their own public, do not want the beastly details, and have been satiated. They will buy anything that sells for a penny, but they will vent their execrations on it.

To quote again, it says:

"Seriously speaking, this fighting business is becoming a bore. It ought to be stopped, and it would be, in this vicinity, if we had proper men at the head of our police. The captains, in many instances, wink at the proceedings, while in others they are afraid to interfere. We hope to hear no more of them, in this vicinity at least. They are a disgrace to those who indulge in them, and a danger to the community at large."

We repeat the sermon because we think it good, but oh! the source from whence it comes.

#### TERRACE GARDEN CONCERTS.

The season at this delightful place of amusement is drawing to a close. The musical season is about to commence, and numerous engagements demand the time of the performers. We commend to our friends to avail themselves of these last nights, and not to lose one of them, for though the concert room is more pretentious, the performance here, with its surroundings, is far more delightful. The 13th Sunday Concert takes place to-morrow night.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER walked into New York as calmly and quietly a day or two since, as though Europe was over the way, and one only had to cross a road. When we saw his name on our visiting-book, we doubted the evidence of our senses. We knew that he meditated a visit to America, but we expected that his decision would be announced by a flourish of trumpets blown by some enterprising agent. It seems, however, that he silently concluded and quietly walked on board a steamer bound for this city, and he is here now, unrecognized, where twenty years ago he was the "lion" of the day, the observed of all observers. A generation has almost passed away since then; his brilliant successes and his wonderful playing, his marches d'Isly and Marocaine, are talked of as things in the dim past, and yet Leopold de Meyer is, to-day, in the very flush of his physical and mental strength, and a greater artist than he was when he first visited this country, and literally turned the heads of all the American people.

Leopold de Meyer has come out on his own account; he has no settled intentions, no agent, proposing to judge for himself as to what his future career shall be. We believe that he will find the present time op-